
Title: A Man Named Kreel

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It came to me like
how many of my visions
come. A man by the name
of Kreel held the secrets
to unlocking Rune Artisem
from the hands of the
one called Monric. But
where might this man
named Kreel be found?
This would prove to be a
puzzle that would keep
me at bay for days. And
yet I was able to find
out where the man named
Kreel could be found. A
strange hermit he seemed
to be. He dwelled by
himself on the island of
Moonglow, and would make
a trip to the Mage
Tower every week or so.

The first member of the
Society that I informed
of this was the one
called Nas'Rath. He was
most pleased to learn
this news, and left in
haste to inform both the
Lady and the rest of the
Society. Very soon we
would hold the key in
restoring Rune Artisem.
And this man named Kreel
would unlock this for us.

Lynne Darkthorne looked
over the members of the
Society who had come to
her calling. Anais de Quoi,
Ilyana Tarnor, Nas'Rath,
Tristram Si'kara, and
Xavori had all answered
her summons. Once they
had all gathered, the
Lady of the Society
looked over them all and
then let out a cruel

smile. She spoke to them that the Lord would soon be returned to the Society and that Monric would pay the ultimate price for his insolence. She then opened the magic gate, and with that they were gone.

Lynne Darkthorne and the rest of the Society found Kreel reading a book on the top level of the Mage Tower. Lynne approached and informed him that he would be of service to them in freeing the lich. Kreel was quite a character for the Society to deal with. He appeared to be your typical mage complete with the long beard and blue robes. However, he was a rather loud man and spoke in a manner that was not normal. His manner of speaking annoyed a good portion of those that had came to speak with him.

Much useless talk was done with Kreel before the important answers could be answered. Lynne explained the situation that was at hand, and told Kreel that she knew he could somehow help them regarding this. Kreel answered, in what seemed to be riddles, that he indeed could help. For he was a keeper of ancient lore and knew of a book that contained a powerful spell that could break any sort of magical imprisonment. But Kreel would not part with this book for free. Only another rare tome would persuade Kreel to give the Society what it needed. And it was Nas'Rath who would

sacrifice one of his own personal books in exchange for the book that Kreel held. The bargain was complete. Kreel had his new tome, and the Society had what would free Rune Artisem from the clutches of Monric.

The book contained what Kreel had promised. However there were two things that caused great concern among the Society. One were the reagents that were needed to cast the spell. The eyes of a snake queen, the feathers of the bird that is reborn, and the sword of an infernal lord. Very dangerous and rare reagents to gather. But there was also a warning within this tome. If the caster of this spell was not powerful enough then they would join the imprisoned. While the warning was believable, the Society did not heed it much as there were many capable beings in the art of magic among them.

And so the gathering of the reagents commenced. It was a difficult task and it took many days, but the reagents were finally gathered. Now it was only a matter of finding Monric before he could extract the essence of Rune Artisem into himself. Over the next day or so, many of the members of the Society had terrible dreams of their missing Lord. In these dreams they would see Monric extract Artisem's power and then he would return to the Abyss in which he came

from. Even I experienced
this dream. And yet...
The surroundings that
this dream took place
were familiar... A place
of wild life and tropical
plants and very hot
climate. And an aura of
something evil that lurks
deep beneath the
ground...

Time was of the
essence... We must hurry
or all will be lost...